



# The Boy that Cried Goat



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## Chapter 1 by Heart Chocolate

"Mom! There is a goat outside our door!" 7 year old Mike was always afraid of goats. Always has, and always will. It started when a goat ate his ice cream at their local petting zoo. He hated them since. His fear became surreal when a goat literally found its way inside of his room, eating the clothes he was wearing. His mother had always tried to nudge him towards one once, but it ended with a severely injured goat in a severely hot water tank. Long story for another time.

"I am coming honey. Don't do anything crazy alright?" I know he will attempt to scare it away. He doesn't want to hurt it, so he picks up his baseball bat and swings in its general direction. He doesn't hit it, not even close, but it makes him happy when it runs away as fast as it possibly can.

I quickly arrived at Mike's side with a broom and opened the door. There it was. A white goat with an empty soul. What if I brought it inside to show him it is harmless? Then Mike could never hurt or get hurt by another goat again. It is a great idea!

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